

# *THE Shadow*

DYNAMITE 20



# THE *Shadow*

DYNAMITE 20



# THE Shadow<sup>®</sup>

WRITTEN BY

**CHRIS ROBERSON**

ART BY

**GIOVANNI TIMPANO**

COLORS BY

**FABRÍCIO GUERRA**

LETTERS BY

**ROB STEEN**

COVERS BY

**ALEX ROSS  
CHRIS BOLSON**

EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIPTION COVER BY

**TIM BRADSTREET**

SPECIAL THANKS TO

**JERRY BIRENZ, ANTHONY TOLLIN AND MICHAEL USLAN**

THE SHADOW CREATED BY

**WALTER B. GIBSON**

SEE THE BACK INSIDE COVER FOR ALL VARIANT COVERS

**DYNAMITE**

Nick Berrucci, CEO / Publisher  
Juan Colledo, President / COO  
Rich Young, Director Business Development  
Keith Davidson, Marketing Manager

Joe Rybend, Senior Editor  
Josh Green, Traffic Coordinator  
Molly Mahan, Assistant Editor

Josh Johnson, Art Director  
Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Graphic Designer  
Katie Hidalgo, Graphic Designer  
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant



Visit us online at [www.DYNAMITE.com](http://www.DYNAMITE.com)  
Follow us on Twitter @[dynamitecomics](https://twitter.com/dynamitecomics)  
Like us on Facebook /[dynamitecomics](https://www.facebook.com/dynamitecomics)  
Watch us on YouTube /[dynamitecomics](https://www.youtube.com/dynamitecomics)



Certified Chain of Custody  
Promoting Sustainable Forestry  
[www.dynamite.com](http://www.dynamite.com)

This label only applies to the stock section.

THE SHADOW<sup>®</sup> Volume #1, Issue #20. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 113 Gaither Dr., STE. 205, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054. The Shadow<sup>®</sup> & © 2013 Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. All Rights Reserved. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT & its logo are © & © 2013 Dynamite. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: [marketing@dynamite.com](mailto:marketing@dynamite.com)

IN THIS PLACE, DANGER  
DOES NOT ALWAYS LURK  
IN THE DARKNESS.

BLINDING SNOW AND  
FREEZING COLD ARE PROOF  
ENOUGH OF THAT.


BUT THERE ARE SHADOWS HERE,  
AND THINGS THAT LURK UNSEEN.

DEATH TAKES MANY  
GUISES, AND TROUBLE  
IS NEVER FAR.

BUT AS THE OLD RUSSIAN SAYING  
GOES, WHEN TROUBLE ARRIVES,  
IT NEVER TRAVELS ALONE.

(IT'S  
BRAGIMOV! I'VE  
FOUND HIM!)





IBRAGIMOV IS THE SIXTH DEAD MAN TO BE FOUND IN AS MANY WEEKS. TWO GUARDS AND NOW FOUR PRISONERS, EACH OF THEM KILLED IN THE SAME FASHION.

LASHED TO A TREE AND BEATEN TO DEATH, NOT FAR FROM THE WORK SITE.



IN THE CAMPS, WE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO VIOLENCE AND DEATH. KILLINGS ARE NOT UNCOMMON, AND EACH OF US HAS FOUND A FELLOW PRISONER'S LIFELESS BODY AT LEAST ONCE.

BUT THOSE ARE MATTERS OF ANGERS RELEASED OR OF CASUAL BRUTALITY, NOT METHODOICAL, CALCULATED. NOT LIKE THIS.



THE GUARDS, FOR WHOM DEATH AND SUFFERING IS A CALLING, ARE OUT OF THEIR DEPTHS HERE.

(ALL OF YOU, GATHER YOUR TOOLS! WE ARE HEADING IN FOR THE NIGHT.)



EVERY DAY IS SPENT IN THE WOODS AT THE WESTERN EDGE OF THE SIBERIAN WASTES, FELLING TREES, PLANING LUMBER.

WHAT USE THE LUMBER IS PUT TO, I COULD NOT SAY, BUT WHAT WOULD IT MATTER? THE LABOR IS ALL.

(PRODUCTIVITY IS DOWN. MANY OF YOU DID NOT MAKE YOUR DAILY QUOTAS AGAIN.)

IN THE CAMPS, IF YOU DON'T WORK, YOU DON'T EAT. BUT IF YOU DON'T EAT, THEN YOU ARE NOT LIKELY TO WORK.

THE "GONERS" ARE THOSE TRAPPED IN THAT VICIOUS CYCLE, STARVING BIT BY BIT UNTIL THEY FALL.


I HAVE SEEN FAR TOO MANY MEN DIE IN MY YEARS HERE. FAR TOO MANY TO REMEMBER THEM ALL.

BUT I AM STILL HERE.



THE BOLSHEVIKS SENT ME HERE MORE THAN TWELVE YEARS AGO, AFTER THEIR REVOLUTION DEPOSED THE TSAR.

NOW I AM ONE OF THE LAST TSARISTS LEFT ALIVE, AND MANY OF THE NEW PRISONERS ARE BOLSHEVIKS THEMSELVES.



<--YOU WILL LEARN THE RULES OF THIS CAMP, OR YOU WILL SUFFER-->

SOME OF THE NEWCOMERS ARE CRIMINALS, OF COURSE, BUT MOST ARE "DISSIDENTS."

INTELLECTUALS, ARTISTS, WRITERS, EVEN FORMER PARTY LEADERS WHO HAVE FALLEN OUT OF STALIN'S FAVOR.





IT HARDLY MATTERS, THOUGH, WHO WE WERE IN LIFE, OR WHAT WE DID.

WE EXIST MOMENT TO MOMENT, DAY TO DAY.



BUT OFTEN THE MEN WE WERE CAST LONGER SHADOWS THAN WE REALIZE.



AND THOSE SHADOWS CAN TAKE ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN.

NIGHTS IN THE BARRACKS ARE  
SELDOM SILENT. SOMEONE IS ALWAYS  
COUGHING, FROM THE COLD. AND  
THE NEWCOMERS OFTEN HAVE  
TEARS LEFT TO SHED BEFORE  
THEIR HEARTS FREEZE.

BUT RARELY IS  
A WORD SPOKEN.  
OR A NAME.

YURI  
ROMANOVICH  
KURAKIN.

(WHO  
CALLS ME?)

(THE STARS  
ARE BRIGHT  
TONIGHT.)

(WHAT DO  
I CARE FOR THE  
STARS? LEAVE ME  
TO SLEEP.)

A NEWCOMER, OF  
COURSE, MUST HAVE  
GOTTEN MY NAME FROM  
ONE OF THE OTHER  
PRISONERS.





(THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE IS, "THE BRIGHTEST STARS ARE THE PLANETS.")

(WHAT?!!)

THAT IS A PHRASE I'VE NOT HEARD IN A LONG TIME. THE PASSWORDS OF THE SEVENTH STAR, THE TSAR'S SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, UNKNOWN EVEN TO THE OKHRANA.

(YOU KNEW ME IN ANOTHER LIFE, YURI ROMANOVICH KURAKIN. WE SERVED SIDE BY SIDE.)

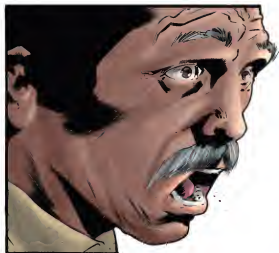


(YOU KNOW WHAT THIS RING IS. YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.)

THE GIRASOL

YES. I KNOW THIS RING. IT WAS GIVEN BY THE TSAR TO A MAN WHO WASN'T RUSSIAN, BUT SERVED HIM BETTER THAN ANY OF MY COUNTRYMEN COULD.





⟨IT CANNOT  
BE.⟩

⟨I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
DEAD.⟩



⟨CAN IT  
REALLY BE YOU,  
KENT--⟩

⟨YOU KNEW  
ME ONCE AS  
"THE DARK EAGLE,"  
LET THAT NAME  
SUFFICE.⟩



⟨I HAVE COME  
HERE BECAUSE I REQUIRE  
INTELLIGENCE.⟩

⟨INFORMATION  
THAT YOU MAY BE  
THE ONLY ONE WHO  
POSSESSES.⟩



⟨I MUST KNOW  
WHAT BECAME  
OF--⟩

⟨NOT HERE,  
COME, THERE IS  
A PLACE.⟩

THE MAN I KNEW AS THE DARK EAGLE WAS  
AN AMERICAN AVIATOR WHO SERVED THE TSAR  
IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST  
CAPABLE, MOST CLEVER,  
MOST TERRIFYING MEN I HAVE  
EVER ENCOUNTERED.

(I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
I HEARD YOU HAD  
CRASHED AND DIED  
IN THE WAR.)

(HOW DO YOU  
STILL LIVE? AND HOW  
DO YOU COME TO BE IN  
A FORCED LABOR  
CAMP?)

(I CAME TO THE  
SOVIET UNION FROM  
ELSEWHERE LAST WEEK,  
IN SEARCH OF YOU.)

(WHEN I FOUND THAT  
YOU WERE IMPRISONED HERE,  
I TOOK THE PLACE OF ANOTHER  
WHO HAD BEEN SENTENCED  
TO SERVE HERE.)

(YOU  
WILLINGLY CHOSE  
TO COME HERE? TO  
BE A PRISONER  
HERE?)

(BUT WHY?)



(BECAUSE OF A  
MATTER OF GRAVE  
IMPORTANCE.)

(I NEED  
TO KNOW WHAT  
BECAME OF THE  
WHITE TIGER.)



(THE WHITE...)

(A NAME I  
HADN'T THOUGHT  
I'D EVER HEAR  
AGAIN.)



(YOU CAME TO  
THIS PLACE FOR NOTHING,  
BECAUSE I HAVE NO IDEA  
WHAT BECAME OF THE  
WHITE TIGER.)

(DISAPPOINTING.)



(I WAS ALREADY  
CAPTURED BY THE  
BOLSHEVIKS WHEN THE  
OFFICES OF THE  
SEVENTH STAR WERE  
OVERRUN.)

(ZAKHAROV  
WAS THE LAST  
OF US THERE. HE  
MIGHT KNOW THE  
ANSWER TO YOUR  
QUESTION.)

(ZAKHAROV  
LIVES? WHERE  
IS HE?)





⟨HE MIGHT LIVE. HE MIGHT NOT.⟩

⟨HE WAS STILL LIVING WHEN I SAW HIM THIS LAST SPRING, AT LEAST.⟩



⟨HE WAS A PRISONER HERE?⟩

⟨WHERE DID HE GO?⟩



⟨HE WAS TROUBLE, THAT ONE. MOST OF US GO A LITTLE MAD IN THE CAMPS, BUT ZAKHAROV WAS WORSE THAN MOST.⟩

⟨HE WAS TIRELESS AT THE SAW, BUT HE ACTED CRAZY, MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR HIS FELLOW PRISONERS, EVEN THE GUARDS.⟩



⟨THE GUARDS SAID HE HAD SERVED HIS SENTENCE AND WAS FREE TO LEAVE, BUT I THINK THEY JUST WANTED TO BE RID OF HIM.⟩

⟨I HAD A BELLY-FULL OF HIM, MYSELF. WAS TEMPTED TO KILL HIM, MORE THAN ONCE, JUST TO SHUT HIM UP, AND TO HELL WITH THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SEVENTH STAR.⟩





(IF YOU DO NOT  
KNOW, AND ZAKHAROV IS  
GONE, THERE IS NOTHING  
FOR ME HERE.)

(THERE  
IS NO REASON  
FOR ME TO  
REMAIN--)

(STRANGE,  
YOU APPEARING  
LIKE THIS FROM MY  
YESTERDAY.)

(TONIGHT, YOU  
KEEP ME FROM  
SLEEP.)

(AND  
TOMORROW,  
I COULD WELL BE  
THE MURDERER'S  
NEXT VICTIM.)

(WHAT  
DID YOU  
SAY?)  
(MURDERER?)

AND I REMEMBER THE  
PIERCING GLARE OF THE DARK  
EAGLE. THAT UNWAVERING  
STARE. THAT HUNTER'S LOOK.

A LOOK THAT PIERCES  
THE GLOOM, AND KNOWS WHAT  
LURKS IN THE SHADOWS.

THE DAY BEGINS, AND IT IS  
LIKE ALL THE DAYS BEFORE IT.

FULL OF HARDSHIP,  
HUNGER, AND PAIN.



«FASTER,  
YOU LAZY  
PIGS.»

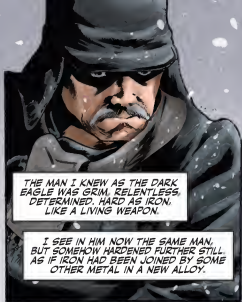
«WORK  
FASTER.»



I ARRANGE TO BE PAIRED WITH HIM,  
WORKING EITHER END OF A SAW.

AFTER YEARS OF NUMB,  
FROZEN DISINTEREST, I AM  
SURPRISED TO DISCOVER  
THAT I AM STILL CAPABLE  
OF CURIOSITY.





THE MAN I KNEW AS THE DARK EAGLE WAS GRIM, RELENTLESS, DETERMINED. HARD AS IRON. LIKE A LIVING WEAPON.

I SEE IN HIM NOW THE SAME MAN, BUT SOMEHOW HARDENED FURTHER STILL. AS IF IRON HAD BEEN JOINED BY SOME OTHER METAL IN A NEW ALLOY.

(YOU SAY THESE MURDERS BEGAN SIX WEEKS AGO?)

(AND A BODY WAS FOUND JUST YESTERDAY?)



(YES, BRAGIMOV WAS THE LATEST.)

(HE HAD BEEN A PRISONER HERE FOR SEVERAL YEARS. I HAD NO STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT THE MAN.)

(LIKE THE OTHERS, HE WAS FOUND TIED TO A TREE, OUT IN THE WOODS. BRUTALLY MURDERED.)

(BUT THE NEAREST VILLAGE IS--)

(ENOUGH TALKING! BACK TO WORK.)

AND SO THE DAY GOES, LIKE ALL THE DAYS BEFORE IT. BUT WITH A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

ONCE, SECRETS AND MYSTERIES  
WERE MY WHOLE EXISTENCE. I THRIVED ON  
CURIOSITY, ON THE DRIVE TO KNOW.

AS A MEMBER OF THE TSAR'S SECRET  
INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, SUCH THINGS  
WERE MY MEAT AND MY BREAD, THE AIR  
I BREATHED AND THE VODKA I DRANK.

SINCE COMING HERE,  
I HAVE NOT HAD AN APPETITE  
FOR SUCH THINGS.

WHEN EVERY DAY IS THE SAME, THERE  
IS LITTLE NEED TO ASK QUESTIONS.

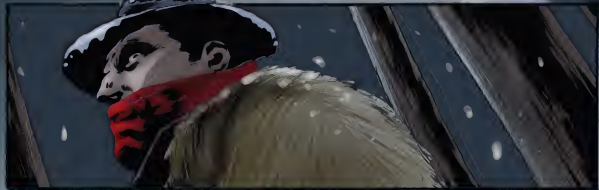
BUT THE ARRIVAL OF THE DARK  
EAGLE HAS AWAKEN THAT APPETITE  
IN ME ONCE MORE. I SEEK ANSWERS,  
AND SECRETS UNCOVERED.

(HST. DARK  
EAGLE. DO YOU  
THINK... ?)


(GONE?)

BUT I FIND ONLY  
MORE QUESTIONS.











THERE HAS NOT BEEN  
ANOTHER BODY FOUND  
SINCE IBRAGIMOV'S.



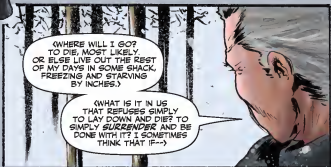
BUT EACH OF US SUSPECTS THAT  
WE MIGHT BE NEXT. SOME PERHAPS  
EVEN HOPE SO.

(YURI, WHEN  
YOU ARE RELEASED,  
WHERE WILL YOU  
GO?)



(THAT ASSUMES  
THEY WILL RELEASE ME,  
OR THAT I WILL LIVE THAT  
LONG. BUT EVEN IF THEY DO,  
AND I DID, WHERE IS  
THERE TO GO?)

(STALIN'S LAW IS  
THAT FREED PRISONERS  
ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THE  
LARGER CITIES AND TOWNS.  
WE ARE NOT ABLE TO  
TAKE JOBS.)



(WHERE WILL I GO?  
TO DIE, MOST LIKELY.  
OR ELSE LIVE OUT THE REST  
OF MY DAYS IN SOME SHACK,  
FREEZING AND STARVING  
BY INCHES.)

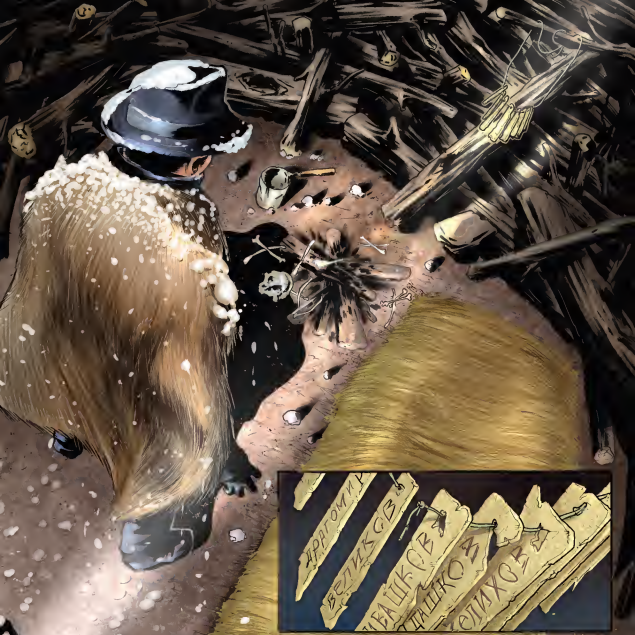
(WHAT IS IT IN US  
THAT REFUSES SIMPLY  
TO LAY DOWN AND DIE? TO  
SIMPLY SURRENDER AND BE  
DONE WITH IT? I SOMETIMES  
THINK THAT IF--)

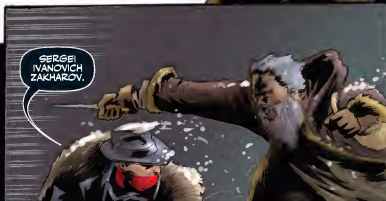


(?)

MORE QUESTIONS, AND MORE  
SECRETS. I AM UNUSED TO THEM.







«THIEF/  
VANDAL!»

«HOW DO  
YOU KNOW MY  
NAME?»





IN THE CAMPS, IT IS SOMETIMES EASY TO FORGET THAT THE WORLD IS LARGER THAN THESE BARRACKS, THOSE TREES, THAT PLAIN. THE CAMP BECOMES THE WORLD.

EASY TO FORGET, AND EASIER, IN WAYS. REMEMBERING WHAT IS BEYOND, WHERE WE DWELT BEFORE? THAT WAY LIES ONLY DISCONTENT, AND MADNESS.



«...AND DO YOU REMEMBER THE GALAS, MY OLD COMRADE? THE MUSIC? THE WOMEN? THE GRANDEUR OF IT ALL?»

«IT WAS ANOTHER WORLD THAN THIS ONE.»



«(AND YOU! COME FROM THAT OTHER WORLD HERE TO FIND ME IN THE COLD.)»

«(WITH THAT RING UPON YOUR HAND. THAT UNCANNY RING.)»



«I REQUIRE INFORMATION, ZAKHAROV. BUT FIRST THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST KNOW.»

«YOU KILLED ALL THOSE MEN, DIDN'T YOU? IBRAGIMOV AND THE OTHERS, BUT WHY?»



«WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO? AND BESIDES, THEY OFFENDED ME.»



⟨EACH OF THESE NAMES  
BELONGS TO A MAN WHO WRONGED  
ME IN THE CAMP OVER THE YEARS.  
ABUSED ME, BETRAYED ME,  
ANNOYED ME...⟩

⟨NOW I EXTINGUISH  
THEIR LIVES AND BURN  
THEIR NAMES TO KEEP  
WARM.⟩



⟨BUT I GROW  
WEARY. SURELY  
DEATH WILL TAKE  
ME SOON.⟩



⟨SOON ENOUGH,  
BUT FIRST, WHERE IS  
THE WHITE TIGER?⟩

⟨ANSWER ME!⟩



⟨THE WHITE TIGER? OH, I CAN  
TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU WISH  
TO KNOW, BUT IN RETURN, YOU  
MUST DO A FAVOR FOR ME.⟩

⟨END MY  
TORMENTS.⟩



⟨ANSWER ME  
OR DON'T, YOU WILL  
STILL FACE JUDGMENT  
AT MY HAND.⟩

⟨BUT IF YOU  
HELP ME, I CAN  
AT LEAST MAKE  
IT QUICK.⟩



IN THE CAMPS, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
ESCAPE THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHERE YOU  
ARE, AND WHAT LIES BEFORE YOU.

YOU LEARN NOT TO  
WONDER ABOUT WHAT  
TOMORROW WILL BRING.  
YOU TRY NOT TO HOPE.  
TO WONDER WHAT  
LIES HIDDEN BEHIND  
TOMORROW'S SHADOW.

BECAUSE HOPE  
MAKES US FORGET  
THAT SOME QUESTIONS  
SHOULD NOT BE  
ANSWERED, AND  
TOMORROW WILL COME  
SOON ENOUGH.

(THE  
MURDERS  
WILL STOP.  
I HAVE SEEN  
TO IT.)

(WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO WALK FREE  
OF THIS PLACE? I CAN  
ARRANGE IT, BEFORE  
I LEAVE.)

(WHERE  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO GO?)

(GO? GO? DEATH WILL  
FIND ME HERE, ONE WAY OR  
ANOTHER. WHY HURRY  
TO MEET IT?)

(NO, I'M TIRED  
OF QUESTIONS.  
LEAVE ME TO  
SLEEP.)

NOT ALL DANGERS  
LUK IN THE DARK.  
AND THERE IS SOME  
COMFORT TO BE HAD  
IN THE SHADOWS.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

# DYNAMITE®

## IN THE NEWS - NOVEMBER 2013

BILL WILLINGHAM, BESTSELLING WRITER OF FABLES, PRESENTS  
**LEGENDERRY: A STEAMPUNK ADVENTURE EVENT SERIES FROM DYNAMITE**



Dynamite proudly announces *Legenderry: A Steampunk Adventure*, a seven-issue monthly crossover event featuring classic characters of comics and film as reimagined by bestselling writer Bill Willingham (*Fables*). Featuring interior artwork by Sergio Fernandez Davila, *Legenderry* launches in January featuring covers by celebrated steampunk artist Joe Benitez (*Lady Mechanika*).

"This is a story where I get to have my cake and eat it too," says Bill Willingham. "I get to work with some of my favorite characters from comic books, prose, and film, but also get to create brand new versions of each one of them. That way, I don't have to make a single one of them fit in with all of the past continuity of those characters. I get the best of both situations. Plus, I built an entire new world in which to place those characters. World-building is one of the best parts of adventure storytelling. *Legenderry* is the name of the world, and it is in fact a world peopled with some of the greatest legends of adventure fiction. This is my first-ever foray into the Steampunk genre, so that's another new adventure I get to go on as a writer."

*Legenderry: A Steampunk Adventure* is, as Bill Willingham describes it, "a world in which the great heroes of our stories live in the flesh." The story begins in a massive Victorian-style metropolis, a city protected by Vampirella, the Green Hornet, and Kato. After a scarlet-clad woman of mystery rushes into a bar pursued by assassins, the resulting chaos spreads to other reimagined landscapes ripped from classic comic books, literature, and television, including the wild jungles of *The Phantom*, *Flash Gordon's* futuristic haven of Landing, serial combat alongside Captain Victory, and more. The action eventually leads to the Monstrous Lands, an unruly territory both lawless and sinister.

An event series four years in the making, *Legenderry* proves the old adage that "good things come to those who wait." Willingham mined the rich Dynamite Universe for the perfect characters to populate the vast, reimagined landscape of *Legenderry*. In recent months, Willingham has personally

overseen the visual development of the series, courtesy of designs by artist Johnny D., whose artwork has graced numerous Dynamite covers and most recently, the complete *Vampirella Strikes* comic book series. "It was an honor to take some truly timeless characters and make them fit into the steampunk world," says Johnny D. "They all have a great unique base to go off, so it has been a lot of fun working on the designs. I've worked with many of these characters before and look forward to the series."

The cast of *Legenderry* characters changes each issue, as Willingham and Davila steer the action from one dazzling location to the next. Featured characters include Steve Austin of *The Six Million Dollar Man*, the classic pulp duo of Green Hornet and Kato, legendary masked adventurer Zorro, the Dynamite mainstay Vampirella, the beloved superheroes Silver Star and Captain Victory created by Jack Kirby, Flash Gordon and The Phantom from King Features Syndicate, and finally, the swords-and-sorcery icon Red Sonja.

Bill Willingham has been writing, and occasionally drawing, "funnybooks" for close to thirty years, and authors prose fiction as well. He is best known for creating the following comic book series: *Elementals*, *Ironwood*, *Coventry*, *Pantheon*, *Proposition Player*, *Shadowpact*, and -- perhaps most notably -- the bestselling and long-running DC/Vertigo series, *Fables* and *Fairst*.

"I've personally known Bill Willingham for over three decades, and regard him as one of the most talented, hardworking, and innovative creators in our industry," says Nick Barrucci, CEO and Publisher of Dynamite. "I've been talking with him since 2009 about projects, but between his busy schedule and the explosive success of *Fables* and *Fairst*, we both wanted to wait until we could give the project the full attention it deserves. And Bill wouldn't want to give anything less than 100% of his attention! As time progressed, our many discussions have led to a groundbreaking event, something that will shake up how people view our incredible library of characters. Bill wanted to work in a world without the constraints of continuity, where he could paint broad strokes on a fresh canvas. When the imagination and aesthetics of Steampunk science-fiction became our focus, well -- the ideas just began to flow from his mind onto the page. It's my pleasure, both personal and professional, to welcome Bill Willingham to the Dynamite fold, and to welcome everyone with an adventurous spirit to the whimsical world of *Legenderry*."

Joseph Rybandt, Senior Editor of Dynamite, says, "As a longtime fan of Bill's work, it was such a surprise that Nick Barrucci, our CEO and Publisher, had been able to work out a deal to not only create this character crossover, but to include some of our biggest and best company-owned and licensed characters. This is THE kick-off event for comics in 2014. Be there!"

*Legenderry: A Steampunk Adventure* will be solicited in Diamond Comic Distributors' November Previews catalog, the premiere source of merchandise for the comic book specialty market, and slated for release beginning in January 2014. Comic book fans are encouraged to reserve copies of *Legenderry* with their local comic book shop or hobby specialty store. *Legenderry: A Steampunk Adventure* will also be available for individual customer purchase through digital platforms courtesy of Comixology, iVerse, and Dark Horse Digital.

**NEXT ISSUE:**



### ISSUE #21

The Shadow's search for the secret of the girasol has lead him from the concrete canyons of New York City, to the snowy wastes of Siberia, and now to the peaks of the Himalayas, the fabled Roof of the World. But will he find the answers he seeks there or only his own death?

**DYNAMITE®**

Visit us online at [www.DYNAMITE.com](http://www.DYNAMITE.com)  
Follow us on Twitter @[dynamitecomics](https://twitter.com/dynamitecomics)  
Like us on Facebook /[dynamitecomics](https://www.facebook.com/dynamitecomics)  
Watch us on YouTube /[dynamitecomics](https://www.youtube.com/dynamitecomics)

Nick Barrucci, CEO / Publisher  
Juan Collado, President / COO  
Rich Young, Director Business Development  
Keith Davidson, Marketing Manager

Joe Rybandt, Senior Editor  
Joah Green, Traffic Coordinator  
Molly Mahan, Assistant Editor  
Joah Johnson, Art Director  
Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Graphic Designer  
Katie Hidalgo, Graphic Designer  
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant

To discuss this and more, log onto the Dynamite forums at  
**WWW.DYNAMITE.COM/BOARDS**

# DYNAMITE DIGITAL EXCLUSIVE CONTENT!

## A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE SHADOW #20 FROM CHRIS ROBERSON'S SCRIPT TO GIOVANNI TIMPANO'S LINE ART TO FABRICIO GUERRA'S COLORS

PAGE ONE

### PANEL ONE

WE OPEN WITH A WIDE PANEL SHOWING A FLAT, SNOWY WASTE. ITS DAY TIME, BUT THE SKIES OVERHEAD ARE GRAY AND OVERCAST.

CAPTION: In this place, danger does not always lurk in the darkness.

CAPTION: Blinding snow and freezing cold are proof enough of that.

### PANEL TWO

WE PAN OVER A BIT, AND SEE THE BEGINNINGS OF A TREE LINE, WOODS THAT MARCH UP TO THE EDGE OF THE SNOWY PLAIN. BUT THE TREES ARE BLACK AND LEAFLESS IN THE DEAD OF WINTER.

CAPTION: But there are shadows here, and things that lurk unseen.

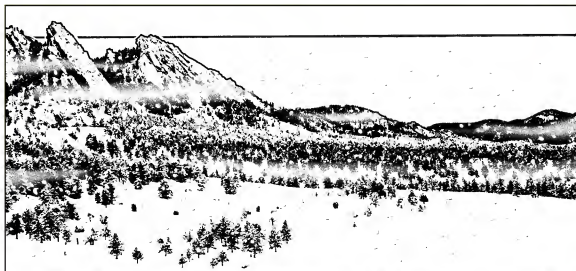
CAPTION: Death takes many guises, and trouble is never far.

### PANEL THREE

NOW WE'RE IN THE WOODS, AND IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE PRISONERS DRESSED FOR COLD WEATHER CUTTING DOWN TREES. BUT ONE OF THE PRISONERS IS TURNING AND SHOUTING LOUDLY OFF PANEL, HAVING SPOTTED SOMETHING THAT WE CAN'T SEE YET FROM THIS ANGLE.

CAPTION: But as the old Russian saying goes, when trouble arrives, it never travels alone.

PRISONER/yelling: <It's Ibragimov! I've found him!>





## A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE SHADOW #20 FROM CHRIS ROBERSON'S SCRIPT TO GIOVANNI TIMPANO'S LINE ART TO FABRICIO GUERRA'S COLORS

PAGE TWO

### PANEL ONE

A BIG PANEL. A FEW GUARDS HAVE COME OVER, AND WE'RE LOOKING PAST THEM AT WHAT THE PRISONER SAW. IT IS ANOTHER PRISONER, WHO HAS BEEN ESSENTIALLY CRUCIFIED AGAINST ONE OF THE TREES, HIS HANDS TIED TOGETHER ABOVE HIM TO THE TRUNK, HIS FEET TIED AT THE BOTTOM, AND HIS CLOTHES PARTIALLY RIPPED OFF. WE CAN'T SEE TOO MUCH GORE, BUT IT'S CLEAR HE'S BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH, BLOODY AND BRUISED, AND VERY MUCH DEAD.

CAPTION: Ibragimov is the sixth dead man to be found in as many weeks. Two guards and now four prisoners, each of them killed in the same fashion.

CAPTION: Lashed to a tree and beaten to death, not far from the work site.

### PANEL TWO

WE SEE A GROUP OF PRISONERS STANDING BY, WATCHING. SOME ARE WORRIED, BUT MOST JUST LOOK EXHAUSTED. OUR ATTENTION IS ON YURI, WHO IS OUR NARRATOR FOR THIS ISSUE. HE IS MIDDLE AGED, WITH GREY HAIR (WHICH WE CAN'T SEE YET, BECAUSE HE'S GOT A HAT ON, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE).

CAPTION: In the camps, we are accustomed to violence and death. Killings are not uncommon, and each of us has found a fellow prisoner's lifeless body at least once.

CAPTION: But those are matters of angers released or of casual brutality. Not methodical, calculated. Not like THIS.

### PANEL THREE

A GUARD IS TURNING HASTILY AWAY FROM THE CRUCIFIED MAN AND SHOUTING AT THE PRISONERS.

CAPTION: The guards, for whom death and suffering is a calling, are out of their depths here.

GUARD: <All of you, gather your tools! We are heading in for the night.>



# DYNAMITE DIGITAL EXCLUSIVE CONTENT!

## A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE SHADOW #20 FROM CHRIS ROBERSON'S SCRIPT TO GIOVANNI TIMPANO'S LINE ART TO FABRICIO GUERRA'S COLORS

### PAGE THREE

#### PANEL ONE

OUR ATTENTION IS ON YURI AS HE AND THE OTHER PRISONERS MARCH IN SINGLE FILE DOWN A SNOWY TRACK THROUGH THE WOODS. THE TREES IN THIS PART HAVE ALREADY BEEN CUT DOWN, AND THERE ARE STACKS OF LUMBER AROUND. THE GUARDS ARE KEEPING WATCH ON THE PRISONERS AS THEY GO.

CAPTION: Every day is spent in the woods at the western edge of the Siberian wastes, felling trees, planning lumber.

CAPTION: What use the lumber is put to, I could not say. But what would it matter? The labor is all.

#### PANEL TWO

A GUARD WITH A RIFLE IS SHOUTING AT THE PRISONERS AS THEY WALK BY HIM.

GUARD: <Productivity is down. Many of you did not make your daily quotas AGAIN.>

#### PANEL THREE

OFF YURI LOOKING AT ANOTHER PRISONER WHO WE CAN TELL EVEN THROUGH HIS HEAVY CLOTHES IS STARVING TO DEATH. FRAIL, SKIN AND BONES, GAUNT CHEEKS, BARELY ABLE TO STAND AND WALK.

CAPTION: In the camps, if you don't work, you don't eat. But if you don't eat, then you are not likely to work.

CAPTION: The "goners" are those trapped in that vicious cycle, starving bit by bit until they fall.

#### PANEL FOUR

CLOSE ON YURI AS HE FACES FORWARD, EYES NARROWED, LIPS PRESSED TOGETHER, HIS EXPRESSION HARD.

CAPTION: I have seen far too many men die in my years here. Far too many to remember them all.

CAPTION: But I am still here.



# DYNAMITE DIGITAL EXCLUSIVE CONTENT!

## A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE SHADOW #20 FROM CHRIS ROBERSON'S SCRIPT TO GIOVANNI TIMPANO'S LINE ART TO FABRICIO GUERRA'S COLORS

PAGE FOUR

### PANEL ONE

WIDE ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE PRISON BARRACKS. (SEE IMAGE REF FOR BASIC LAYOUT.) IT IS LATE AFTERNOON, AND THE PRISONERS ARE ENTERING THROUGH THE GATE UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE ARMED GUARDS.

CAPTION: The Bolsheviks sent me here more than twelve years ago, after their revolution deposed the tsar.

CAPTION: Now I am one of the last tsarists left alive, and many of the new prisoners are Bolsheviks themselves.

### PANEL TWO

OFF YURI LOOKING AT A GROUP OF NEW PRISONERS WHO ARE STANDING TOGETHER, BEING ADDRESSED BY A SUPERIOR GUARD. THE NEW ARRIVALS LOOK BETTER FED AND DRESSED THAN THE PRISONERS, BUT THEY ARE TERRIFIED, FRIGHTENED, AS OPPOSED TO THE ESTABLISHED PRISONERS WHO LOOK VACANT AND RESIGNED. BUT THERE IS ONE MAN AMONG THE NEWCOMERS WHO IS MOSTLY HANGING BACK, HIS FACE LARGELY HIDDEN IN SHADOWS. THIS IS THE SHADOW, OF COURSE, HERE IN DISGUISE.

GUARD: <--you will learn the rules of this camp, or you will suffer-->

CAPTION: Some of the newcomers are criminals, of course. But most are "dissidents."

CAPTION: Intellectuals, artists, writers, even former party leaders who have fallen out of Stalin's favor.

### PANEL THREE

NOW IT'S LATER, AND YURI AND THE OTHERS ARE EATING IN THE BARRACKS. THE FOOD LOOKS HORRIBLE, BUT THEY'RE FORCING IT DOWN. SOUP AND STALE BREAD, MOSTLY, WITH WATER IN BENT METAL CUPS. (SEE BELOW.)

CAPTION: It hardly matters, though, who we were in life, or what we did.

CAPTION: We exist moment to moment, day to day.

